

Winging It

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Summary: Kevin takes a private moment to chat with his new miracle

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> Disclaimers: The <em>General Hospital<em> and/or \_Port Charles\_ characters do not belong to me. And though I could not do as much damage to them as their rightful owners often do, no harm is intended by this piece of fiction -- so don't sue me unless you want to end up with my student loan debts.

The nurse said she was sleeping, both of them were. It did not matter, though. He did not need to wake them, he just wanted to see them. Pushing the door open slowly, Kevin softly padded into the room. He stopped first at Lucy's bedside. Gently he stroked the back of her hand before leaning to kiss her forehead. She rolled onto her side, moving toward him. "Sleep well, my love. You earned your rest today," he said as he brushed a stray lock of hair from her brow.

Letting go of his wife's hand, he walked around the bed to the small crib standing in the corner of the hospital room. He reached for a chair, lowering himself to her height. "Hard to believe something as tiny as you could cause your mother as much pain as you did," he whispered, running his fingertip across his daughter's tiny hand. In her sleep, the baby grabbed Kevin's finger and held it firmly.

"Definitely your mother's daughter," he smiled, thinking of all the times Lucy had reached for him in her sleep.

Kevin tore his eyes away from the infant just long enough to scan the room. Gifts from friends -- the Baldwins, Scorpions, Spencers, and others -- all lined the shelf above the crib. "Look at that, little one, less than a day old and you're already the most popular little girl around."

Kevin rested his chin on the edge of the crib. "You sure gave me a scare today -- you and your mom, both. I was terrified -- when they had to operate and they kicked me out of the delivery room, boy was I scared. She wasn't scared, though. You lucked out, young lady, your mother is the bravest person I've ever met. I don't think she ever doubted that you'd both be just fine." Kevin sighed. "I should have learned by now, though, not to doubt her instincts. She just knew you were a girl, ya know? Yup. She was positive. We didn't want the doctor to tell us -- not that it would have mattered. Lucy knew that you were a girl. I didn't have a clue one way or the other. It didn't matter, really. I just wanted you to be ok. Your mom, too. I don't know what I would have done if anything happened to her -- or you."

Kevin heard Lucy's sheets ruffle. He turned around, but she was still sleeping peacefully. Turning back to his daughter, Kevin said, "We've got to be quiet. I don't want to wake your mom up just yet -- I'm sure that you'll be doing enough of that in the near future. She should sleep while she can." Her grip on Kevin's finger loosened and he raised his hand to brush back her thin, fine hair. "I wonder what color your eyes are going to be," he mused softly.

"You know," he started, "as beautiful as you are, you scare the daylights out of me. I bet that sounds pretty strange, doesn't it? Your great big daddy is scared of a tiny little precious thing like you? It's true, though. You know, your Grandpa Victor didn't really teach me much about how fathers and children are supposed to interact. I'm going to be winging it here for a while, so I hope you can cut me a little slack now and then."

The little girl's eyelashes fluttered half open. Kevin watched in silence as she smacked her gums noisily and then yawned. He smiled and said, "If you're even half as much like your mother as I suspect, you're probably starving." She closed her eyes again; her breathing slowed and she was once again asleep. "Maybe not," he grinned, gently rubbing her small back.

"I still can't believe you're here already," he sighed, leaning closer. "I was just getting used to feeling you kick around in your Mommy's tummy. Now look at you. You're here, all safe and sound and in one beautiful, healthy, glorious piece. I must be the luckiest man in the world to have the two most beautiful women in the world. You are, you know? Just like your mom."

Kevin heard the door open and turned to see who it was. "Hi Victor," he whispered as he motioned toward Lucy, still sleeping soundly. Turning back toward the baby, Kevin said, "Hey there, little one, this is your grandpa. Do you remember him from this afternoon? He came to see you again."

"Well hello there, young lady," Victor said softly. "Goodness, I

think you've gotten bigger already!" Putting his hand on Kevin's shoulder he said, "She's incredible, Monk."

"Yes, she is." Kevin smiled. "She probably takes after Lucy."

"I'll go," Victor said. "I just wanted to say goodnight and see if you needed anything before I left."

"No, Victor, but thank you, anyway." Kevin listened as the door closed behind his father. To the baby again, he said, "That was your grandpa that I was talking about. I'm not sure I learned exactly what to do to be a good father from him, but he's been trying to teach me now. He sure does love you, though. He was the one who was with your mother when you decided that it was time to come kicking and screaming into the world. He brought your mom here to the hospital and then came running up to my office to tell me you were on your way." Kevin looked at Lucy again. "He sat with me while the doctors were busy trying to make sure that you and your mom were all right -- and so did your Uncle Mac." Kevin smiled and nodded toward the stuffed koala bear on the shelf. "Your Uncle Mac and Aunt Felicia are the ones who gave you that fuzzy thing up there. And this one," Kevin reached for the picture frame next to the koala. "This one is from your big sister, Serena." Kevin pointed to the picture. "See this? This is Serena, and you know what she was doing there? She was talking to you while you were in your mommy's tummy. She thought that was so cool -- that you were in there. She would talk to you all the time. And the bigger Mom got, the happier Serena got."

Kevin put the picture back on the shelf. "I guess, of course, Mac isn't really your uncle and Serena isn't really your sister. But see, when someone doesn't have any family, like your mom and I for a very long time, your friends become very important. You had a real uncle, once." Kevin's gaze wandered out the dark window. "I remember when we were very, very young. We were best friends. We were like one person almost. Not for long, though." Kevin looked back at his daughter. "I hope you have enough of your mother in you to make up for whatever bit of your uncle I accidentally gave you. Your mommy can be a little crazy sometimes, but she is still the best thing that ever happened to me. And I pray every day that you grow up to be more like her than like me."

"Doc," Lucy mumbled.

"Hey," Kevin rose and moved to Lucy's side. "I thought you were asleep."

"Hhhmmm," Lucy sighed. "I was, but I heard your voice."

"I'm sorry. I was just getting to know this little miracle of ours."

"Isn't she the most incredible thing you've ever seen?"

"Right after you, yes." Kevin smiled as he sat on the edge of Lucy's bed. "You should go back to sleep, Mrs. Collins. This little lady of ours isn't going to let you sleep for the next several months, you should take advantage of the silence while you can."

"I know." Lucy reached for Kevin's hand. "She is perfect, you know?" she said pointedly.

"I'm counting on it," Kevin answered. He smiled, "And even if she weren't, it wouldn't matter because you would take as good a care of her as you always have of me."

"I guess that's what families are supposed to do, isn't it Doctor?"

"I guess so." Kevin looked back at the crib. "We'll just have to figure this out as we go along."

Lucy curled up snugly on her side, holding Kevin's hand against her chest. "Piece of cake," she said. "We can do anything, Doc. We've proven it over and over and over again. Don't doubt it for a second."

"I won't." Kevin leaned back against the pillow and watched both of his women sleep.

**\*\*The End\*\***

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